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The Crittenden Press.

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Merchant Tailor
MARION, KY.
Receives new goods every day. Suits made to order \$15.00 and upwards. All-wool pants made to order \$3.50.

VOLUME 16.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895.

NUMBER 15

Exclusive agency in Crittenden and Livingston counties for
Hoosier Grain Drills And Vulcan Chilled Plows,
ALL NUMBERS, RIGHT OR LEFT.
THE CROFT & BARNETT MERCANTILE CO., : : : **TOLU, KY.**
INCORPORATED

CATCHING

WILD ANIMALS A TRADE.

Daring Men Who Risk Life To Supply the Demand.

Carl Hagenbeck Discloses Some Secrets.

The question is often asked me how the wild animals exhibited in our menageries and zoological gardens are obtained, and I generally reply that they are purchased abroad from some of those individuals on the continent who make business of dealing in them. One of the largest of these repositories for the sale of wild animals is located at Amsterdam, that quaint old city of the Netherlands, famous for its schnapps and its diamond cutting, where a stranger fancies himself profane by the name of everything ends in "dam," and where one has an opportunity to study and admire the sterling virtues of the Dutch character.

It certainly seems an odd business for a man to deal in wild elephants, lions, tigers, leopards, hippopotami, and many other animals that go to fill up the cages of a menagerie. It is one, too, which gives rise to many strange and novel experiences, and the men who buy and sell these living wares are by no means dull companions if they can be led to talk of what they have seen and heard in connection with their singular vocation.

But these men are poor company compared with those whose life business it is to hunt and trap menagerie attractions in their native lairs and jungles. The stories these men tell of their hair breadth escapes from violent death, of the strange habits of animals, and of the many moving accidents by flood and field to which they have been exposed might well stir a fever even in the blood of age.

STRANGE AND WILD.

During my long experience as an animal trainer I have constantly had agents in every part of the world searching for all that was strange or wild in the animal kingdom. Under charge of these agents expeditions have been fitted out and sent to capture the largest and finest specimens of the wildest and seemingly most untamable animals.

The story of almost any one of these hunting parties would be quite as replete with thrilling incidents and of quite as strong general interest as that of any ever published concerning an African exploration or any attempt to reach the North Pole.

There is probably no representative of the animal kingdom that possesses such a strange fascination for spectators as a snake. All mankind regards a snake with a strange mixture of admiration, curiosity, loathing and hatred. A certain indescribable weirdness and mystery seem to cling about it. A man who was for a long time my agent in Ceylon, related to me many interesting anecdotes of the snakes of that country and of the methods by which the ob-

tained some fine living specimens of them. He said that the two most venomous snakes of Ceylon are the cobra and the tie prolonga. Between whom there exists so deadly a hatred that it is a proverbial saying concerning two people who have an animosity toward each other that they are like cobras and prolonga.

AN AMUSING FABLE.

Apropos of the enmity of these two serpents there is told an amusing fable, which also accounts for all prolongas having blunt tails. It is said that a very thirsty prolonga met a cobra and inquired of him where he could find water. The cobra agreed to give the desired information if the prolonga would promise to harm no living thing within a mile of where the water was to be found.

He promised, and the cobra then directed him to where, in the rear of a dwelling, a child was playing with a pan of water. The prolonga departed, and the cobra, reflecting on the treacherous nature of the prolonga, decided to follow him and make sure that he kept faith. But alas! the cobra was too late. When he arrived on the scene he found that the prolonga, after drinking the water, had bitten the child—even then writhing in its death agony—was making toward the jungle. The justly incensed cobra rushed upon him and avenged the broken promise by biting off a piece of the faithless prolonga's tail. Ever since then a blunt tail has been the badge of all the prolonga tribe.

Being very anxious to obtain for me a good specimen of tie prolonga, my agent employed two native snake charmers and with their aid soon located one in a timarind tree. The only weapons with which the serpent takers are provided were two flagpoles and a long stick. The power of music over snakes is unquestionable (an excellent thing for all hard drinkers to remember), and the natives walked back and forth playing upon their flagpoles and waiting for the snake to emerge from his hole in the tree, some six or seven feet from the ground.

LIKE A FLASH.

Presently the snake came forth glided down the tree and toward one of his would-be captors. Instantly the other threw down his flagpole and rushed at the reptile with his long stick, which he threw directly across the snake's body. Then placing a foot on each end of the stick, he held the serpent tightly to the ground, while he seized its tail with both hands. Presently with a movement like a flash of light, he released the tail and seized the thin part of the reptile's neck, just below the jaw, holding it with a grip like iron and thereby rendering it powerless for harm. His companion then pried the snake's jaw open with a small stick, and with another broke out the fangs from the upper jaw, thus depriving it of its deadly power to bite.

A very singular request was once made of me by a well known lady of fashionable society in New York. It was nothing more nor less than that I would obtain for her a baby box constrictor for a pet. After infinite trouble I succeeded in obtaining a little box two feet in length and not quite a year old. You must know that this lady has a peculiar fondness for snakes, and had travelled largely in India and other Eastern countries, where she had made a close study of the India snake-charmers and their methods. She had seen Indian women going about with snakes around their necks; it

was the height of her ambition to be able to do the same. Like the professional snake tamer she relied on music as a means of obtaining control over her pet, but instead of the flagpole she employed her own voice. At first the snake did not seem to pay much attention to her singing, but after a time he seemed to be attracted by it, and at length would move his head and a considerable portion of his body to and fro in time with the music. In this way the lady soon obtained complete control over the box, and was able to wear him around her neck with perfect safety after the manner of the snake women in India.

CAUSED A STAMPEDE.

It was an endless source of pleasure and amusement. She used to carry him about with her, when shopping or calling, in the pocket of her sash, and the sudden appearance of his head from out the folds of her sash gave rise to many most laughable stampedes in drawing rooms and crowded shops and cars. She taught him a number of amusing tricks.

Donning a very loose dress for the purpose, she would cause Master Box to enter one of her sleeves at the wrist and crawl up her arm, across her bosom, down her other arm and out the wristband of the sleeve. He would cooal himself at the bottom of her work basket, and when she sang to him would wriggling his way up through the contents to top. While she sat sewing in her boudoir his snakeship would be coiled upon her lap, and he was in every way as docile and playful as any kitten.

Many years ago, when the wonderful country of Australia, with its discoveries of gold was attracting general attention, I dispatched an agent thither with instructions to find and bring me, if possible, some hitherto unknown animal or some unparalleled freak of animal nature. He fulfilled his mission by cutting out of a wild herd and lassoing a hairless horse, a huge awkward beast without the slightest vestige of hair upon any part of its body. His skin was of a dark bluish cast and singularly smooth and shiny. He gained flesh after a time, and was then transformed, with his high neck and crest—though he was wholly destitute of mane—into a handsome animal, looking very much like a statesque horse that had been cast from some kind of metal. He was remarkably intelligent and docile.

ANIMALS NOT IN IT WITH MAN.

It is remarkable that no animal is large enough or formidable enough to defeat the attempts of man to capture and control him. There is no more convincing proof of man's superiority than this fact. Even the lowest savages have shown themselves able to capture and kill the strongest and most ferocious animals. There is no limit to man's daring, and there is no animal that he will not attempt to make prisoner.

The size and strength of beasts count for nothing against his cunning and artifice. From time immemorial man have spread a loop in which to catch the foot of the elephant, and have baited a hook sharpened at both ends to catch a crocodile. Many of the animals which develop the organs of wonder in frequenters of menageries and zoological gardens are captured by cunning devices of a similar nature, but an agent whom I once employed to procure me an African lion did not resort to anything of that kind.

He was a rash, foolhardy fellow, though I did not know it at the time and these qualities led him, on the occasion to which I have referred, into a very dangerous adventure, which he afterward delighted to relate. Arriving on the coast of Africa he was hospitably entertained by one of the native kings, and one fine day set off into the interior, accompanied only by a native boy, and

armed with a pistol and an old musket of very large dimensions, having a flat lock and heavy iron ram rod. What subsequently happened I will let him tell in his own words, as he related it to me:

"Having walked some distance through a forest, we at length emerged upon the edge of a beautiful plain that stretched as far as the eye could reach, with here and there a single tree, or little clump of two or three, each about the height of a full grown man. Upon their clumsy-looking trunks there was not a single branch, but from their tops grew out a vast tuft of long, straight spikes, resembling broad sword blades in shape. Around one of these trees there was a bed of tall grass which seemed trampled and tossed, as though some large animal had passed through it and rolled in it. We approached this tree, and, desiring to rest after my walk, I placed my musket against its trunk.

DROPPED HIS TAIL.

"As though my doing so had been a signal, a huge lion leaped up out of the grass, not 20 feet from where I stood, and, after gazing at us for a few moments, turned, dropped his tail and moved softly away. I immediately raised my musket to my shoulder and fired, but only to the effect of the lion was to cause him to turn in his track and come bounding toward the tree with a loud and angry scream.

"There was no time to reload the musket. Seizing the native boy in my arms, I held him up above my head, so that he could reach one of the branches of the tree and clamber into it. I then ascended it by placing my feet upon the knobs and notches in its trunk—the scars of old leaf marks that had long ago fallen off. I was not a moment too quick, for, just as I drew my last foot up into the tree, which had by this time arrived on the spot, struck at it with his paw, missing me by barely an inch or two. Foiled in his intention of immediately making mince meat of us, he trotted a few paces away and crouched down in the grass, evidently with the intention of remaining there until we should be compelled to come down.

"There was my gun, lying at the bottom of the tree. If I could only get hold of it and reload it I might yet take the lion's skin and save my own. Fortunately, I had with me a long, stout cord, and, if I could only make a running noose on the end of this cord, get it around the gun and so draw the latter up, our escape was certain. The noose was soon made and lowered until it rested upon the earth just before the muzzle of the musket. I drew it slowly along the grass. Fortunately the barrel didn't lie close to the surface, and the cord passed easily beneath it, but I was not satisfied until I had worked my noose nearly to the middle of both barrel and stock and quite over one of the swivels.

"Tightening the noose by a jerk, in another half minute my gun was in my grasp. Reloading was but the work of a few moments. Desiring the lion to come near that I might have a sure shot, I directed the native boy to fire my pistol directly at the infuriated beast's head. He did so, and the fierce creature bounded forward to within 10 paces of my gun, roaring and striking his sides with his tail. Taking careful aim at the creature's breast, I pulled the trigger. When the reverberation of the discharge and the smoke arising from it had passed away, we could see the mighty monarch of the forest lying motionless and dead.

HOW TO SEE SNAKES.

"To return to the subject of snakes, I am often asked what is the best remedy for snake bites. I understand that in America whiskey is almost universally regarded as a specific for that calamity. Many snake catchers and trainers, however, place much greater reliance upon carbolic

AN EARTH SHAKE.

THE HUNDRED DEATHS RESULT OF AN EARTH-QUAKE.

One Hundred and Fifty-three Bodies Recovered.

Sanigalpa, Honduras, Sept. 12.—A courier arrived yesterday from Yotapan, and announced the most terrible earthquake ever known in that section. The loss of life and property is terrible. On Sunday the shocks commenced, lasting all day and all night at intervals, caused much damage and the greatest fear among the inhabitants of the city and neighborhood. By Monday the city was filled by an addition of 3,500 people from the mountains and outlying villages.

During Monday night sheets of flame appeared at different points to the northwest, rising to immense heights. Tuesday morning the shocks ceased and quiet was restored. But at nine o'clock that night, heavy rumblings were heard, shortly followed by a reappearance of the flames in the mountains which shot up several hundred feet. Frightened people again flocked to town and at midnight a church tower fell carrying with it the roofs of three houses, and killing 9 and wounding 18 people.

Rumbling, which sounded like the heaviest cannonading, commenced and lasted over an hour and a half, the people rushing madly through the streets praying and crying. Just before daylight another prolonged shock which is variously calculated to have lasted from two and a quarter to three minutes, rocked the whole town as if it were a cradle. Many of the people were killed by rocks which fell in a perfect shower like a hail storm.

Smoke from the mountains to the northwest arose to an enormous height, followed shortly after by the bursting out of flames from the mountain sides, and the throwing out of rocks and lava. Shortly after streams of molten lava which set fire to a number of houses on the mountain occurred. Cattle grazing near by fled and were killed, being engulfed in the lava, which continued flowing in heavy streams. It is reported at Yotapan that 71 houses were destroyed, and 153 dead bodies have been recovered, there are many more missing. At Covajuana 37 houses were destroyed. Ninety-five bodies were recovered.

At Cayucut 29 houses were destroyed and 111 bodies were recovered. It is impossible yet to give a full account of the disaster. Many small settlements are believed to have been destroyed. Shocks extended over the whole Yotapan chain and flames were seen also in the Pajama mountains. The shocks have now ceased, but the smoke is still discernable at different points in the mountains. It is feared that the end is not yet.

A company of soldiers which left in pursuit of bandits from Yotapan to the coast are unheard of and it is feared they are all killed. The shocks were first from the northeast to southwest and later completely contrary. People are still fleeing for their lives. Help for the victims is being asked for from the capital.

The disaster at Yotapan is much worse than at first reported. The number killed in the towns and mountains, so far counted, amount to 287. It is believed more will be found as the search continues. The property loss is estimated at over \$500,000. The government is doing all possible for the victims. Slight shocks continue causing damage to property, though not to life. Two

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases. "Can't do without them" R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured. **Tutt's Liver Pills**

former extinct volcanoes are now throwing lava, though in small quantities. Night shows lurid flames to immense heights and a stream of lava is now running into the abyss. It is calculated that over 1,000 cattle are killed. Troops are scouring the country for fugitive victims. Of the company of 108 soldiers which was after the bandits, only 26 are known to have been saved. Food and clothing have been sent to the sufferers and refugees returning to Yotapan and other towns.

KENTUCKY MORMONS.

A Conference Now Being Held Near Hawesville.

Hawesville, Ky., Sept. 13.—Twenty one Mormon elders from all parts of the state arrived here yesterday and are quartered at farm houses above town. There is a strong band of converts about two miles above the city, and today and tomorrow are days of jubilee. The president of the conference will assign the elders new work for the next six months. They will have several sermons while together, and after conference is over they will go by twos in different counties and labor in the interest of Mormonism. There are twenty-four elders in this state, but three are ill and unable to be present. Some of the best farmers of this county have espoused the religion of Brigham Young.

Hon. W. J. Stone, of Lyon county, was in the city several hours yesterday en route to Louisville. Capt. Stone represented his district ten years in the lower house of Congress, and is one of the leading politicians in the State. A representative of the Gleason, knowing Capt. Stone to be a conservative and accurate calculator, asked him what he thought Gen. Hardins majority over Bradley would be, he said: "I place the majority at 20,000, though it may go higher." Capt. Stone has agreed to make several speeches for the ticket, in the month of October.—Henderson Gleaner.

A Centenarian Dead.

Mr. John Wyatt, who lived near the Calloway and Marshall county line, died last Friday after a short illness of the infirmities of old age, and was buried Saturday. He was probably the oldest man in the purchase, having reached the age of 108. Up to the past year or so he has been in good health. He had many relatives in the counties of Calloway, Marshall, Graves and McCracken and was well known.—Paducah Standard.

In a recent letter to the manufacturer Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own State, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years ago, and before leaving home wrote me, asking if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her, as she did not like to be without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cure of coughs and colds, Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and are valued by any other.

BEAR IN MIND THAT

The Old Reliable Drug Store

OF WOODS & WILSON,
Solicits Your Patronage.

We handle only pure and fresh goods, we make a specialty of filling prescriptions at all hours day or night. We handle all of the patent medicines; paints, oils, varnishes, brushes, wall paper, musical goods, and all kinds of druggists notions.

School Books,

And All Kinds of School Supplies.

Pens, inks, pencils, crayon, slates, erasers, papers, tablets, etc. Our low prices will show you that we appreciate your trade.

DR. R. L. MOORE

THOS. J. YANDELL

INSURANCE

MOORE & YANDELL.

Represent some of the best companies in the country, OLD NORTH AMERICA, TRADERS, PENNSYLVANIA and others.

PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST FIRE!

By placing your risks with these first class companies, and reliable agents. Call and get rates.

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That's because there is only one line running Through Coaches, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Pullman Palace Sleepers between Memphis and principal points in Arkansas and Texas without charge.

This line traverses the finest Farming, Grazing and Timber Land and reaches the most prosperous Towns and Cities in the Great Southwest.

One Line. IT IS THE



WRITE FOR A COPY

Of "Home in the Southwest," "Through Texas," "Texas Lands," or "Truth about Arkansas." Mailed to any address upon application.

W. A. McQUOWN,
TRAVELING PASS AGENT,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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AND CONFECTIONERY.

HOWARD BROS., Proprietors.

We keep Fresh Bakery Goods of all kinds, all the time. We have the very best facilities for baking, and our bread is always fresh and is unexcelled anywhere. We keep a fresh, clean stock of Fancy Groceries, and it will be to your interest to come to us for Candles, Nuts, Canned Goods, etc. We make the lowest prices possible, sell you the freshest and best goods obtainable, and give you honest weight and full measure at all times. We will appreciate your patronage. Come in and see us if you want sugar, coffee, candy and meats, etc. Bear in mind also that we make wedding cakes to order.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, Publisher.

LOCAL NEWS.

To Our Subscribers.

If you owe us on subscription, and have the money to spare, we will greatly appreciate it. We have not endeavored to make collections because of the stringency of the times now as the outlook is better, we earnestly trust that you will remember that we are in need of every dollar due. Our business demands make this notice absolutely necessary, and it will be a source of pleasure, besides saving us loss, if every man who is indebted the small amount of his subscription, can and will make it convenient to settle. No one owes much, but the aggregate is a considerable sum.

Yours truly,
THE PRESS.

Dr. T. H. Cossitt, Dentist, Marion.

Dr. Jordan, the dentist, of Marion.

New town officers will be elected in November.

Babb & Alley Shipped a carload of sheep Monday.

Rev. J. J. Smith is holding a holiness meeting at Sturgis.

The demand for houses to rent is greater than the supply.

WANTED:—1000 gallons of home a soughum.. A. F. Griffith.

Get your timothy seed at Cochran & Bakers.

The institute for the colored teachers will be held October 10 and 11.

Mr. G. M. Russell writes that he is well pleased with his situation in Texas.

Mr. John Shaffer brings us a 2 1/2 lb Irish potato. Who can beat Marion's famous gardeners?

Just received a big lot of timothy seed. Cochran & Baker.

D. A. Hughes, col., qualified as administrator of the estate of his deceased father Si Hughes.

Tuesday morning Mr. Smith Jamer, who lives near town, was thrown from a horse and severely hurt.

Mr. E. L. Nunn took his little deaf and dumb daughter to the State Institution at Danville last week.

Rev. M. E. Chappell will begin a series of meetings at the Cumberland Presbyterian church the third Sunday in October.

Mr. F. M. Cruce, formerly of this county, has moved from Kansas to Missouri, and may return to Crittenden, while his wheels are rolling.

Nice line coffins at Boyd's, Salem, Ky. Metallic cases furnished on short notice. Prices low.

All persons indebted to me will save cost by settling their accounts within the next ten days.

R. F. Haynes, Jr.

Save your peach seed, I want them all,

M. Schwab.

Wednesday evening of last week Mrs. A. H. Cardin entertained quite a number of young people at her hospitable country home.

Save your peach seed, I want them all.

M. Schwab.

Miss Mina Wheeler is now visiting the school, and will be thus engaged until about Jan. 1. During this time her office days will be Saturdays and the second Mondays.

Wheat, drills, Fertilizer and Disc Harrows, of the very best makes, very, very cheap. A big lot on hand that must be sold. All are good goods. No experiments sold by us.

Pierce & Son.

The boys of the Graded school have organized a debating society, and are doing some good work along this line. The school is in fine shape every way and the people of Marion can continue to congratulate themselves on the success of this magnificent institution.

All parties indebted to us for burial expenses must settle at once. We are bound to have the money, and cost will be saved if you will come in without any further delay.

Walker & Olive.

News reaches here that Mr. John L. Elder, formerly of this place, but now of Salem, is the proudest father in all Livingston county. It is a girl, John's first boy.

Sunday as Mrs. Margaret Rochester was walking from her house to that of a neighbor close by, she was overcome with heat, and suffered several hours. It became necessary to call a physician. She has now about recovered.

Business is very dull about the court house. The officers' chief occupation is trying to keep comfortable. Judge Moore has no trials this week; Clerk Woods keeps in the lead of business, and Clerk Haynes appears to be having a holiday.

Abram Harvey, a colored citizen, who lived in Marion several years, died Thursday at his home in the Hurricane neighborhood.

Miss Ada Howerton entertained a number of her friends Wednesday eve, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. R. L. Moore. Every one reported a grand time.

The cases of the Commonwealth vs Wm. Dyer were called for trial Friday, and on account of absence of witnesses for the defense, was postponed until next Wednesday.

Mr. L. Miles has been employed by the Press to do some field work for a few weeks. If you see him in the country remember his business, and if convenient hand him your subscription money.

Mr. A. H. Cardin shipped a fine young horse to Mr. R. K. Dunkerson, of Evansville, last week. Mr. Cardin has built up a good reputation, both at home and abroad, as a stock raiser, and is sending out some meritorious animals.

Thomas Butler, who went to New Mexico with Dr. Swope, died in Denning several days ago. He had lung disease when he left Kentucky and went to the west, hoping that the change of climate would benefit him, but it was too late.

Monday morning A. H. Slesser came up from near Carversville and had search warrant issued, stating that he had reasonable grounds for believing that Charles and Geo. Faulkner had a watch belonging to him. Deputy sheriff Pickens searched the two young men, but failed to find the missing property.

Mr. John Farris, of Livingston county, was in town Saturday, with his eight-year-old blind daughter, whom he sent to the State school for the blind at Louisville. She has attended the institution two terms and is in love with the school and is learning rapidly.

The Louisville Conference, of the Methodist Church, south, convenes in Madisonville Tuesday next. The Methodists of this place will endeavor to have a station made of Marion, which means a pastor who will devote his entire time to the work. Mr. H. A. Haynes is a delegate to the Conference.

Last night the Colored Cumberland Presbyterian church was the scene of a fashionable colored wedding. The contracting parties were Mr. Tell Pipin and Miss Roxie Stewart, Rev. W. L. Clark officiated, and the house was crowded with people, always anxious to witness a pleasant affair of this kind.

"The Moore hill is in the best fix I ever saw," said a man who had come from Salem a few days ago. "The overseers of that road certainly deserve credit," he continued, "for the good work he has done on the road, especially at that point. It is as smooth as the street, and you can shut your eyes and drive down that hill now."

When a man is in earnest on the subject of curing his sick headache, let him ask the leading druggist of the city, for Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills (and Pellets). There is no other remedy like it on the market. It is not a single medicine, but course of treatment based on the formula of a famous physician. It is a positive specific for all forms of biliousness, disordered liver, sour stomach, etc. Samples free.

Mr. J. H. Morse has purchased Mr. A. J. Pickens' interest in the Haynes stock of dry goods, and has moved both stocks into the corner brick formerly occupied by Haynes. He has an immense stock and has just returned from market where he has been buying more goods, consequently he has a mammoth store, and will continue to increase his good reputation as a merchant. He is a man full of energy, well posted in business, and when it comes selling goods, there are very few who excel him.

Messrs Thos. Pettit, Populist candidate for Governor, and Gen. Fields, of Virginia, made speeches at this place Friday night. It was not known until late that they would speak, consequently the audience was not as large as the distinguished gentlemen would have otherwise have had. Mr. Pettit talked but a short time about his candidacy; Mr. Fields discussed the issues of the day at some length, making the best speech from his standpoint that has yet been made in Marion. He "whacks it" to the old parties, and holds that the salvation of the country depends on his party. He was cheered alternately by Republicans and Democrats. When he said Hardin was off of the platform, the Republicans got noisy with their feet, and then when he said Bradley was off of the stump, the Democrats caught the point.

To Our Frie

We wish to return to you our heart felt thanks for the respect (and kindness extended to us, and ours, in our hour of trouble.

We are yours truly,

Patric Threlkeld, mother and sister.

H. W. FOSTER DEAD.

One of Crittenden's Oldest Citizens Joins the Silent Majority.



Mr. R. W. Foster, one of the old landmarks of the county, died at his home at Hurricane Saturday Sept. 14, at noon. The funeral took place from the Presbyterian church at this place Sunday; Rev. W. H. Miley preached the funeral discourse, after which many of the friends of the deceased viewed the remains for the last time and then all that was mortal of the once well known and active citizen was laid to rest in our beautiful cemetery.

Mr. Foster had been a citizen of the county forty-three years, and during his active life he was well known through this section of the State. For some years he had been afflicted and his affliction was such that kept him and away from the active walks of men. He was a man of strong individuality, and no man ever met and forgot him. He had a high sense of honor, splendid natural mental abilities, and an incomparable energy that was slow to yield to the great enemy of mankind.

As a citizen and man he always ranked among the best of the country and his life is no small part of the history of the county.

He had a lovely home overlooking the valley of the Ohio, and there surrounded by all that was needed to bring comfort to his declining years, he passed peacefully away, not complaining of the past nor shrinking from the future.

R. W. Foster, was born in Oldham county, Ky., September 7, 1817, and is a son of A. G. and Lucy (Dueron) Foster. His parents came to Kentucky at an early date, when the father died in 1832, and the mother in 1826; a brother and sister survive him, Anthony M. Foster, of Missouri, and Mrs. Susan Threlkeld. At the age of fifteen, Mr. Foster began life for himself. He served four years as an apprentice to a house joiner, and afterwards worked at the trade for five years. He came to Crittenden from Oldham county in 1852, and settled on a portion of the land he owned at his death. He has been one of the most successful farmers in this part of the State, and at his death owned one of the finest farms in the county. He was never married and for years his widowed sister, Mrs. Threlkeld, has kept house for him, and with all of the devotion of a true sister, she made his home a place of sunshine, and administered to his wants with the hand of sisterly affection.

A Mystery.

It turns out that Freeman Frye, the negro brakeman, who was found on the railroad track at Repton last week, had two bullet holes in his body and it is probable that, instead of the car, caused his death. The affair is shrouded in mystery. He left Marion riding one of the flat cars of the train, and was not missed by the trainmen until they reached Blackford; they then dispatched the hand car in search of him, and his body was found on the track. When the body was taken to Henderson, it was examined and the bullet holes were found. They were evidently fired by some one in front of him, as they entered the upper part of the abdomen and passed out his back.

Court at Blackford

Tuesday Attorneys O. M. James, C. S. Nunn, J. W. Blue, Jr. and A. C. Moore were engaged in a number of whisky cases at Blackford. Geo. Carnahan was charged with selling liquor to minors and on Sunday in four cases, and Fred Vaughn in one. The defendants swore police judge Henderson off of the bench, and chairman of the Board of Trustees, J. R. Head, occupied the seat. The defendants were acquitted in all the cases. Five more similar cases are to tried next Wednesday.

Attempted Suicide.

Alfred Messmore, a clerk in Geo. Carnahan's saloon at Blackford, attempted to kill himself Tuesday evening by taking strychnine. Physicians were called immediately and succeeded in saving him. The cause of the rash act is not known.

The only statement he would make was that he was in trouble.

Mr. W. H. Asher, of the Weston neighborhood, was in town Tuesday. He reports the hope dying in that section by the acres.

Teachers Institute.

The Crittenden County Teacher's Institute will be held at Marion during the week beginning Sept. 30.

Col. Demaree Coming.

Col. T. B. Demaree, Prohibition candidate for Governor, will address the people of Crittenden county, at the following places: At Sheridan, Sept. 27, 1 p. m., Tolu, 27, 7:30 p. m., Union church, Sept. 28th, 10 a. m., Marion, Sept. 28, 7:30 p. m. Everybody, both ladies and gentlemen, are invited to be present and hear a speech on the issues of the day.

Peoples Party Speaking.

H. H. Farmer will address the people at Marion the second Monday in October.

W. P. Marsh will address the people at Marion Sept. 30. All active Populists are requested to meet him at Marion, at 10 o'clock, a. m. that day.

Dr. J. R. Clark and Mr. Baxter will address the people at the following times and places: Crayneville, Monday Sept. 23, at 1 p. m., and at Frances, at night; Dycusburg, Sept. 24, at 1 p. m. The other candidates for the legislature are invited.

Dragged to Death.

Last Monday morning about 11:30 o'clock, John Boyle, aged 17 years, who was plowing for his brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Heine, near Caseyville, unhitched the mule he was working and started to dinner. On the way, it is supposed, the mule became frightened and threw him, as his hat was found at the Mongel lane about one and a half miles from Caseyville, and close to Hardin Omer's on cemetery hill. In some inconceivable way the boy's foot became caught in the gear and the mule ran away, dragging the boy down the hill, through Mulfordtown to Caseyville. Here the mule was finally stopped and the boy released, but he was dead.—Sturgis Enterprise.

Tuesday we dropped into the court house to learn of the doings of the denizens of that temple; to say that business is dull there poorly expresses it. The only creature engaged in those precincts was an antiquated horse, who was leisurely cropping the grass in the far corner of the yard; Sheriff Franks was reported to be at Summerset attending the K. P., grand judges; his deputies, Pickens and Farmer were sleeping looking over the samples of a clothing drummer; County Judge Moore was dividing his attention between a newspaper and a fly that persistently sought a resting place on his nose; County Clerk Woods was at his desk apparently busy, but he stopped without an exertion and managed to say after repeated efforts, "h-a-v-e-a-e-a-t;" Circuit Clerk Haynes was not at his usual place of abode, but coming from home, he had stopped in a shady place on the side-walk to get his breath. The only life noise about the square was made by a sparrow, who had undisputed sway of the front yard. It was a dull day.

Tri-State Fair at Evansville.

On account of the Tri-State Fair at Evansville, tickets will be sold to Evansville and return from Sept. 16 to 20, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be limited to Sept. 21. Ohio Valley Railway train No. 4, will leave Evansville at 5:20 p. m., stopping at Fair grounds at 5:30 p. m., giving parties, who so desire, a chance to attend the races in Evansville. This will afford passengers from this section an opportunity to see the races, leaving here on morning train and returning on evening train from the grounds.

Deeds Recorded.

W. G. Williamson to J. A. Guess, 105 acres for \$1650.

J. A. Guess to W. G. Williamson, 40 acres for \$1250.

W. G. Carnahan to W. D. Wal-lingford, lot for \$200.

B. F. James to Wm. O. Nunn, 111 acres for \$600.

H. P. Brown to T. L. Waddell, 108 acres for \$1250.

J. H. Davis to P. S. Maxwell, 32 acres and house and lot for \$1550.

I. H. Clement to W. T. Crawford, house and lot for \$900.

The fall session of Princeton Presbytery, C. P. church, will be held with Salem church, beginning Tuesday after the first Saturday in October. On account of the warm weather and the busy season with the farmers, the protracted meeting has been postponed until after presbytery.

Sent to His Mother in Germany

Mr. Jacob Ebensohn, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work 50c bottles for sale by Orme Bros., druggists."

1000 and 2000.

In 1000 and 2000 pound lots of the best fertilizer we are making special prices.

Cochran & Baker.

PERSONAL.

Sep Haynes will return to Florida this week.

Dr. W. J. Deboe is still confined to his bed with rheumatism.

Mr. Alx, Utley and wife, of Salem, were in town Monday.

Mr. J. H. Ainsworth, of this place, has been ill several days.

Claude Wheeler moved from the country to town Monday.

Marion Mellon and wife, of Livingston county, were in town yesterday.

Miss Bena Hill returned to her home near Cromwell, Ky., Monday.

Mr. W. T. Crawford and wife, of Tolu, are guests of friends in Marion.

Mr. A. Pope has moved from Marion to his farm in Livingston county.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Boaz went to Sturgis yesterday to attend the tent meeting.

Mr. O. M. James is in Louisville this week, looking after some legal matters.

Mr. W. I. Cruce and family will leave for Ardmore, Indian Territory, Monday.

Messrs Ross R. Wood and W. T. Murphy, of Pembroke, were in town Monday.

Mrs. R. F. Haynes and Mr. Duke Haynes, of DeLand, Fla., are guests of relatives in Marion.

Mr. C. R. Stephens' family have moved from Salem to Marion, that his children may attend school.

Mr. C. E. Weldon and wife, of Fulton, were guests of friends in Marion the first of the week.

Mrs. Walter Bailey, of Saulsbery, Tenn., is the guest of her father, Mr. J. H. Hughes, of this county.

Mrs. John Lamb, of Princeton, was in town Monday. She will move to Marion soon.

On account of business in the bank Mr. Cashier Yandell had to postpone his trip to Hot Springs.

Mrs. Emma McCaules, of Carrville was the guest of Mrs. J. B. Hughes last week.

Miss Turrell, who has been the guest of Miss Emma Crawford, some weeks, returned to her home at Blandville Monday.

Messrs Al Woods, W. H. Copher and J. H. Morse, were among the Marion people who were in Louisville last week.

Mr. A. J. Pickens will remain in the employ of J. H. Morse for some weeks. He expects to make a trip west this fall.

H. A. Haynes' family will spend a couple of weeks at the Springs, during the building of their new home at this place.

Mrs. Tucker, who has been the guest of Mrs. R. F. Maynes several weeks, returned to her home in McLean county, last week.

Mr. Jesse Crawford, of Washington, D. C., is spending a month with relatives in Marion. Since going to Washington, as a clerk in the Educational department he has graduated in one of the best law schools in the country.

Mr. D. D. Maxwell, a venerable citizen of the Fredonia country, paid us a visit Thursday. Notwithstanding he is 75 years old, he came down horseback; he preferred coming to Marion horseback to riding to Louisville on the cars, and the man who said he choose the latter trip, was talking through his hat.

More Cheap Rates on the O. V.

On account of the Tri-State Fair and Last Days of Pompeii, the Ohio Valley Railway will sell tickets on Sept. 19, to Evansville and return for morning train at \$1.00 for the round trip. An opportunity like this to witness such a gorgeous pyrotechnic display, is not often afforded, and not be allowed to pass without taking advantage of it.

[T. C. Jameson, Agt.]

We can't wait any longer. Parties owing us for burial expenses must come and pay or make good notes within 60 days. At the expiration of this time, all such accounts will go into hand of officers for collection.

Walker & Olive.

Reduced Rates on the O. V.

On account of Emancipation day, tickets will be sold on Sept. 23rd, for morning train only, to either Henderson or Evansville and return, at \$1 for the round trip. Returning train will leave Evansville 11 p. m., and Henderson at 11:45 p. m.

[T. C. Jameson, Agt.]

I have 1 seven year old horse, good worker, and 2 mares, 5 and 6 years old, good size and good work ers. I want to exchange for new corn. I also have 2 spring wagons and one new top buggy to exchan g for new corn.

M. Schwab.

Hog Cholera Cure,

sold on guarantee.

John M. Pinnary,

Marion, Ky.

FORDS FERRY.

The steamer John Barrett and tow, are at this place waiting for more water.

A protracted meeting is in progress at Dunn Springs.

Mrs. W. B. Wilborn has been sick some time, but she is improving.

We are glad to announce that W. E. Flanary is improving, and the chances for his recovery are good.

Mrs. J. L. Rankin is visiting relatives in Missouri.

J. D. Boaz is having the Carnahan store house repaired, and when finished will be one of the neatest small business houses in the county—a good stand for some hustler to make money.

CHAPEL HILL.

Housing tobacco is the order of the day.

Rev. A. J. Thompson preached to a good crowd Sunday.

Henry Walker was unable to teach school last week on account of having the sore eyes.

A good many of our people went to Sisco's Chapel last Sunday to hear Sister Lucas, the woman preacher.

Mrs. A. C. Elder, Alva Elder and Jim Blaine Sisco are on the sick list last week.

John Beard and wife returned from Illinois last week.

The protracted meeting has been postponed until the first Sunday in November.

BELLS MINES.

Ursie Hazel has the typhoid fever, and is very bad. He has been sick twenty two days.

There will be a baptizing in Trade-water river at the Newcomb Ford, on Saturday 28, at 10 o'clock. Bro. Womack will officiate.

ERRATA.

The following verses were inadvertently left out of Chapter VII of "Chat's Peril," on the fourth page. They should immediately precede Chapter VIII.

"I'm safe tho' now, and doing well," He answered; "you must strive To calm yourself—were two close rubs, Still I am 'yet alive.'"

"Next morning soon—'twas scarcely light— Grandpa went down the hill, And now to the place where now, you know, Stands that old water mill,

"A solemn sight there met his eyes, 'All over now,' he said. The panther and the highwayman, There, side by side—both dead.

Grandfather knew the man at once, 'The' sear'd with blood and dirt; He'd seen the weapons, leather pants, And yellow hunting shirt.

"He buried him beside the road; And there, though years have flown, The bones repose, the grave remains, Unkept, unmark'd, unknown.

"And so, my boys, from that day on— And others still to follow— The place is known by every one, And still call'd Panther Hollow."

To the People.

You can sell your hickory timber to Ohio River Spoke and Rim Co., Paducah, Ky., write them for prices and specifications.

We are not issuing any periodical "closing out" circulars, but we sell all the time at closing out prices.

Cochran & Baker.

Don't.

Don't mail your letter or valuable package without having your address written or printed upon the upper left hand corner. This will insure its return to you if not delivered and will prevent its being sent to and opened at the dead letter office.

The above notice you will find tacked over the delivery window of the post office, and it came from the postal authorities at Washington. If you are wise you will heed. The Passes will furnish you one hundred envelopes with your name and post office address printed on them for 35 cents; sent mail for 40 cents.

Who have the exclusive agency for THE VULCAN Plows in this territory. A full line of Plows and points always in stock.

2w Pierce & Son.

The latest and greatest success of the age is the Corn Harvester and Binder. H. F. Ray has it.

For a bargain in land and timber, call on Ira Wood, 4 miles north of Marion. He also has 5 head of mules for sale.

Marvelous Menus.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Underman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery, it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Woods & Wilson's drug store. Regular size 50c and 75c.

No. 2.—12 acres 1/4 mile from the courthouse. Small cottage residence. A beautiful situation.

No. 3.—18 acres adjoining town, and in the growing part of Marion. Some splendid building sites

No. 4.—4 1/2 acres in east Marion, house of four rooms. A splendid place for a garden farm.

No. 5.—180 acres, 150 in cultivation, balance in good timber. All limestone soil. House of 6 rooms, good stock and tobacco barns, tenant house, orchard of 150 trees. Plenty water.

No. 6.—320 acres, 240 in cultivation, balance in good timber, house of 6 rooms. Two tenant houses, 14 acres of good orchards of apples, peaches, pears, plums and cherries. Good barns. Plenty water.

No. 7.—81 acres, 65 in cultivation, balance in good timber; 12 acres of good meadow. New house of two rooms. New stock barn, 3 acre orchard. Price very low for cash.

No. 8.—126 acres, 100 in cultivation. House of 5 rooms. Good barns and tenant house. 1/2 acres of orchard. Plenty stock water. It is a bargain.

No. 9.—188 acres limestone soil 160 in cultivation, 99 acres in wheat, 4 acres in orchard,



After the Grip

Relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla
Wonderful and Permanent.
P. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
"I had kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, which was brought about by a cold contracted while in camp at Linfield in 1902. I have been troubled more or less since that time and have been unable to do any heavy work, much less any lifting. I received only temporary relief from medicines. Last spring I had an attack of the grip, which left me with a bad cough, very weak."

A Bad Cough, Very Weak
physically, in fact my system was completely run down. I tried a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel so much better that I continued taking it, and have taken six bottles. It has done wonders for me, as I have not been so free from my old pains and troubles since the war. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a God-sent blessing to the suffering." WILLIAM J. BAKER, North Pembroke, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by reason of the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

GREAT BATTLES are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and RESTORES HEALTH.

Lumber for Sale,
I will fill bills to orders for 60c per 100 feet for the next 15 days only.
J. D. King.

EVANSVILLE ROUTE
CHICAGO
NASHVILLE
THE TRUNK LINE
TO THE NORTH
NASHVILLE
ROUTE OF THE
CHICAGO and NASHVILLE LIMITED
THE ONLY
Fullman Vestibule Train Service with
Newest and Finest Day Coaches,
Sleepers and Dining Cars
FROM THE SOUTH
TO
Terre Haute, Indianapolis,
CHICAGO,
Milwaukee, St. Paul,
AND ALL POINTS IN THE
NORTH AND NORTHWEST.

In Poor Health
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters
It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.
Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c stamps we will send you a copy of our new book—The Fair View and book-free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

CHAPTER VII.
PANTHER HOLLOW [continued].
"And so, by doggies, off he went," the gentleman went on. "He rode along in no great haste—dark and lonely too; for at that time, as I've just said, the settlements were few."
"He shap'd his course for Cave-in-Rock, the nearest point, you see. To cross the river on the route To old Equality."

CHAPTER VIII.
LAURA'S LETTER.
Dear Chat: I take the liberty—Your pardon, too, I ask—Of writing you this little note, To me a pleasant task.
For I've been thinking of you, Chat—Won't you give me that right?—So often since I saw you last, On that sad Wednesday night.
I scarce could see you, Chat, at all. For it was dark as pitch, But then I heard you hit the ground, And then roll off in the ditch!
And Chat, what did you think of me When, without your consent, I left you in that gulley there? And galloped off with Fent?
I'll tell you now 'twas just this way: Was scared almost to death! I turned around—I heard you fall—I almost took my breath!

CHAT'S PERIL. A Story of Panther Hollow.

Written for the Press by Robert C. Haynes, Author of "Fent's Christmas," Etc.

"He left the old Flynn's Ferry road, Struck out through Panther Hollow; The shades of night were gathering, And darkness soon would follow."
"But what cared grandfather for that? He knew the Hollow well; He shaped his course for Wildcat Hill—Its outlines he could tell."
"And darkness came—and how intense! The day's last ray had flown; And still the bold frontiersman went, With rapid strides, alone."
"Alone? Alas, could he but see That fiend—shame to mankind— With dagger drawn with stealthy steps Approaching from behind!"
"All round was still, save now and then Some savage bark would growl; And, from a cave far down the creek, The hooting of an owl."
"On went the fearless traveler, So full of hope and life—But would he ever see again The sweet face of his wife?"
"On, on and on—would almost see His home on Wildcat Hill. He'd reached the spot where, afterward, Was built the water mill."
"Great trees stood thick and tall around With branches large and wide; The creek ran winding in between, With hills on either side."
"He heard a step behind him once, But thought it was old Flee. The good old beast is coming on—Afraid, I suppose, said he."
"On crept the demon from behind—Was acting well his part—A large drawn dagger in his hand, And murder in his heart!"
"O Thou who calm'd the raging sea, Who said 'Why have ye fears?'—With thou not shield the innocent, And spare the young wife's fears?"
"A death-like stillness reign'd around. The beasts had ceased to growl; The stillness e'en had hush'd to rest The ever wakeful owl."
"The highwayman crept nearer still; More firmly, demon-like, He clutch'd his weapon in his hand—Was ready now to strike."
"He raised his dagger—made a spring—When—was it thus to be?—A man with a mighty shriek, Sprang on him from a tree!"
"The savage beast had hid itself, There in that great oak tree, Whose branches overhung the road—It's form no one could see."
"And there it was grandpa escap'd. But for the panther's aid The highwayman had done his work—Who could his hand have stay'd?"
"The demon, too, had been his friend—Unwilling, I must own—He'd been the victim of the beast Had he been there alone."
"These tho'ts flash'd thro' grandfather's mind; As, standing there, he heard The shrieks and curses, cries and groans Though nothing now he feared."
"He stood there but a moment, then, Hearing the struggle still, He then then there to fight it out, And made for Wildcat Hill."
"He had not very far to go. He climb'd the rocky hill, And took himself toward the house, Where all around was still."
"He went on up, walk'd thro' the gate. Then stepped upon the floor; The porch was low and narrow too And led up to the door."
"Retreat! he heard a voice exclaim. 'Retreat!' again it said—A woman's voice—Advance an inch, And you're as good as dead!"
"She placed a pistol to his head—He heard the weapon click—He knew that something must be done, And that, too, very quick."
"Tis only I, Betsy," he said; "Pray, dear, what have I done, That you should hold me up this way? Come, lay aside your gun!"
"O husband, is it you?" she said, "I thought it was—oh, me! I've heard such horrid cries to-night; 'Twas dark, I could not see—"

"Oh, what if I had killed you, love? 'Twas nearly done, at best! Still, then, he heard his arms, And sobbed upon his breast."
"It is especially recommended for medicinal purposes, on account of its purity, which as a beverage, we unhesitatingly assert that it is superior to the finest French Cognac. Sold only by J. H. Orme & Bro., Marion, Ky."

Electric Bitters.
Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed in the Spring, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails; when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. Only fifty cents per bottle at Woods & Wilson's drug store.

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I'll tell you now 'twas just this way: Was scared almost to death! I turned around—I heard you fall—I almost took my breath!"

CHAPTER IX.
THE HUNTER'S PRIDE.
"He heard a step behind him once, But thought it was old Flee. The good old beast is coming on—Afraid, I suppose, said he."
"On crept the demon from behind—Was acting well his part—A large drawn dagger in his hand, And murder in his heart!"
"O Thou who calm'd the raging sea, Who said 'Why have ye fears?'—With thou not shield the innocent, And spare the young wife's fears?"
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"The savage beast had hid itself, There in that great oak tree, Whose branches overhung the road—It's form no one could see."
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"Tis only I, Betsy," he said; "Pray, dear, what have I done, That you should hold me up this way? Come, lay aside your gun!"
"O husband, is it you?" she said, "I thought it was—oh, me! I've heard such horrid cries to-night; 'Twas dark, I could not see—"

Then Fent rode up and hit my horse— "I could do nothing else but go! By, go—and with a vim!"
"Now is not this just jolly thought?" Up hill and down we went— "Chat is not in the race at all— 'Tis not his race!" cried Fent.
"He'll win though, after all," said I; For I was mad, you see. Because he made me leave you there, With naught but Johnny Dee.

And this dear Chat I say to you: I'll never see you any more; Than Fate or Corry Miner.

Love always conquers in the end, Though often meets rebuff; I love you, Chat, with all my heart; And is not that enough?

But my! why should I talk this way? To you, Chat, such is life. And say he heard an awful scream That rent the very air!

So I will just not think of it; Soothing words can never The cords of love that bind us, Chat; 'Twill never happen—never!

hope that you'll be careful though, In going through the Hollow; some danger runs things have happened there, And more are sure to follow.

"Twas only just the other day, As Sherman passed through there, He says he heard an awful scream That rent the very air!"

A panther, boys, by Joe!" he cried, Although he was alone; but he was scared out of his wits; 'Twas funny though, I own.

The savage beast was in a tree— They hide there, as a rule— As Sherman said it sprang at him, And barely miss'd his mule!

It chased him too for miles and miles! Soothing words can never The cords of love that bind us, Chat; 'Twill never happen—never!

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"Incurable?" We know that it sounds queerish to talk about the Electropile curing incurable disease, but here, in mind he fact that it is the old treatment which has pronounced the case incurable. We do not make the claim that we can cure all so-called incurable diseases, but we do maintain with all earnestness that a case pronounced incurable by your family physician, is a splendid field for the operation of the Electropile. It may be just the treatment necessary, and is quite likely to be so. If it fails, then up argument against the "Electropile" but in such a case, the fact of the physician's statement is proven to be true. But now, the patient who has been given up by his physician who has again received life through treatment of the Electropile.

VALUABLE BOOK FREE. ADDRESS: DUBOIS & WEBB, 513 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

New Way to Make Change. The luxury of "small change" is so common in the United States that, like most other common things, it is not fully appreciated. In many parts of the east coins of small denominations are very scarce and the traveler has to pay a premium for coppers. In Constantinople, for example, a merchant in the bazaar will often refuse a sale if his customer offers him too big a piece of money. It may readily be imagined that where change is so jealously held back some queer complications must arise.

In this connection an American traveler describes an amusing experience of his own in the ancient Greek city of Corinth. After a tramp to the top of the famous acropolis or rock citadel of Corinth he returned to the town with an extraordinary appetite. He went into an estiatoria or restaurant, one of those peculiar Greek cookshops where the various viands are all kept stowing side by side on a long clay range and customers are allowed to inspect each in turn, take a sniff of each, and a taste if they will, and finally to order the one they like best or dislike least.

Being so hungry, the traveler ordered a generous dinner and ate heartily. The bill amounted to 3 drachmas and a dekara, about 60 cents. He gave the proprietor a 5 drachma bill—that is to say, he tore a 10 drachma bill in two and gave him half, that being the quaint Greek way of making 5 drachmas bills when desired.

"But, sir, I have no change," ejaculated the proprietor. "And I have no smaller piece of money," answered the traveler. The crafty Greek scratched his head and tried to think of some way of satisfying his customer without having to give up any of his own precious small change. At length he triumphantly called out: "Eureka! I have it! You sit down again and eat some more to make up."

Unfortunately the American no longer desired to "eat some more," and had to go away without his change.—Youth's Companion.

Coal in Alaska. Many shrewd people in Alaska are beginning to think there would be more money just now in the coal resources of the country than in the much talked about gold mines. The gold mines do not appear to be panning out so well lately—that is, in comparison with the cost of the whole process of getting to the mines and living there while getting out the gold. The business seems to have been somewhat over-boomed. But several experts who have lately been prospecting the coal resources of the coast region believe coal getting could be made immediately profitable.

On the east shore of Cook's inlet there is a big vein of coal fully five feet thick, entirely exposed at low tide. All that is necessary to get the coal is to take a crowbar and pry it out in as big blocks as desired. A recent investigation of this deposit showed that 30 feet below the first vein is another vein 6 feet thick, and three other veins were found in the immediate neighborhood. All the veins are horizontal and extend for miles along the shore. Considerable quantities of this coal have been used by the steamship Chohalish, which runs between Juneau and Cook's inlet, and the chief engineer says it has better steaming qualities than the British Columbian coal and is in many respects better than any other coal procurable on the Pacific coast. It does not clinker at all.

Some San Francisco people sent a big bark, with a scow and a party of miners, to this place last winter, and the bark was long with the coal at very little cost, and the cargo brought the speculators considerable profit. One miner has already squatted on 600 acres of the property, and others are following his example.—New York Sun.

News Indeed. A geography published in 1812 contains the following startling description of that section of our country which Charles Dudley Warner has baptized "Our Italy": "California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthy. On the north, the shores live anthropophagi, and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights."

The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers!

Shrew. The shrew was originally the shrew mouse, which, when her young were helpless, would fight desperately in their defense, and so well known was the courage of this little animal, which would even go out of its way to seek an enemy at times when the most needed protection, that the word became applied to a woman who was ever ready to

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